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Addie Frances Rowe

Cambridge, Mass.

1939

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ADDIE FRANCES ROWE



ADDIE FRANCES ROWE IN 1862

ADDIE FRANCES ROWE

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH



Cambridge, Massachusetts

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

ADDIE FRANCES ROWE was born at Canton, Massachusetts, on October 31, 1860. She died on December 28, 1938, after nearly sixty years spent as a secretarial or research assistant in Cambridge, some forty-five of them in the various buildings that have housed the Harvard College Library. When a young girl, she was employed by John Bartlett, bookseller and publisher, to assist in the compilation of his famous concordance to Shakespeare; and in this task she spent twelve years of nameless drudgery. But pleasure, not drudgery, was her description of these years, in the course of which she learned — what she never forgot — Shakespeare almost by heart. The concordance, published in 1894, contains no reference to Miss Rowe, but in her own copy an autograph inscription of August 30, 1894, describes her as one "whose critical acumen and faithful labor in verifying the Mss. of this book has added much to its value and conferred lasting obligation on her sincere friend, John Bartlett." When presenting it to me in 1937, she wrote, "The one who made this book gives it to . . ."

The tragedy of her life — the "dark place" — that occurred while she was indexing Shakespeare, Miss Rowe never mentioned to me; but to the end of her days she wore a simple little engagement ring in memory of a young man who had died. No doubt the tragedy always remained in the back of her mind, as without question it turned her from what usually is considered normal living to solitary study.

But instead of posing as one whose life was in ruins, she threw herself headlong into work, perhaps at first to win forgetfulness, then quickly with interest and even delight in work itself. Her philosophy — though the word would have seemed too pretentious to her — was to keep busy, to help others, and to be entirely self-sufficient, independent of family or friends.

As the years went by, Miss Rowe self-effacingly assisted dozens of scholars in making manuscripts ready for the press or in verifying and reading proof-sheets. Without any special qualifications for such work, except a high-school education, a level head, and an almost infinite capacity for taking pains, she herself became a scholar, though unknown to fame. Perhaps most scholars labor to secure advancement in academic rank, to win a reputation, to increase learning — or their salaries. Miss Rowe had no such motives. To work honestly and tirelessly, to feel that she was helping someone, was enough for her. Each book became her child, each author a revered guide and friend.

She always spoke with affection of A. S. Hill, Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, and with gratitude for the training she received in aiding him to “do odds and ends of writing” and to prepare and publish his *Beginnings of Rhetoric and Composition* (1902). After a year of private tutoring in the Hill home she quickly made her mark in assisting leading members of the History Department, her first work being on Professors Edward Channing and A. B. Hart’s *Guide to the Study of American History* (1896). For years she helped see through the press the *Harvard Historical Studies*, beginning with volume I, Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois’s *The Sup-*

pression of the African Slave-Trade (1896), and ending with volume XXII, Professor H. L. Gray’s *English Field Systems* (1915).¹ Meanwhile, she had assisted Mr. Hart during the compilation of his *American History told by Contemporaries* (4 volumes, 1897, 1898, 1901), and he speaks warmly of her “expert aid,” giving her “special credit for skilful verification and vigilant proof-reading.” Professor W. B. Munro, now of the California Institute of Technology, who had met Miss Rowe while publishing his volume in the *Harvard Historical Studies* (XIII, 1907), also employed her to do more or less routine work on three important books: *The Government of European Cities* (1909), *The Government of American Cities* (1912), *Principles and Methods of Municipal Administration* (1916). In the various editions of the 1912 volume Mr. Munro mentions her “loyal assistance,” and in the 1916 volume calls her “my loyal co-worker.” Her “expert aid” is likewise acknowledged by Professors Edward Channing, A. B. Hart, and F. J. Turner in the revised edition of the *Guide to the Study and Reading of American History* (1912). Long before, she had helped Professor Charles Gross prepare the manuscript and read the proofs of his monumental *Sources and Literature of English History from the Earliest Times to about 1485* (1900). At Gross’s death in 1909, a mass of notes, corrections, and additions was left to be put in order for a

¹ Miss Rowe is mentioned only in volumes VII by E. B. Greene (1898), IX by A. L. Cross (1902), XII by C. A. Duniway (1906), XIII by W. B. Munro (1907), XIV by W. A. Morris (1910), XXII by H. L. Gray (1915). According to *A List of the Chief Printed Works of George W. Robinson 1899-1927* (Cambridge, 1927), p. 6, Mr. Robinson took over her work with volume XIX (1913) of the *Studies*. He lists among his “works” also XX, XXIII, and later volumes.

revised edition. Preparing this manuscript and seeing it printed was probably Miss Rowe's most arduous and important task. When the second edition was published in 1915, its three eminent editors, Professors Ephraim Emerton, C. H. Haskins, and E. F. Gay, cordially mentioned the part she played: "The services of Miss A. F. Rowe, of Cambridge, who had assisted in preparing the manuscript for the first edition, were secured, and the work was begun. It is largely to Miss Rowe's intelligent skill, devoted labour, and scrupulous fidelity to Professor Gross's intentions that the present edition owes whatever measure of completeness and accuracy it may claim." Again in the *Dictionary of American Biography*, Emerton praises Gross's book, adding that "a second revised and enlarged edition was prepared in 1915 by his devoted secretary, Addie Frances Rowe, under supervision of a committee of his colleagues."

In 1916 Miss Rowe deserted history to take up authors and books primarily concerned with English literature, and numerous volumes from 1922 down to recent years bear tributes to her intelligent but unassuming aid. The first book with which she was associated in this field is Professor Raymond D. Havens's *The Influence of Milton on English Poetry* (1922). Mr. Havens, of the Johns Hopkins University, the dearest friend of her old age, calls her "my friend and assistant," remarking that "since 1916 Miss Rowe has devoted all her time to the book, bringing to it rare patience and thoroughness, together with experience in preparing manuscripts for publication. She has pointed out and helped to remove infelicities of expression, has called my attention to books that I had not seen as well as to Miltonic phrases that

I had not noticed, and in one way or another has improved every page." In much the same terms Miss Rowe's name appears in the prefaces to more books than one has space to enumerate — as in books by Dr. Edgar Pierce (*The Philosophy of Character*, 1924), Professor Howard R. Patch, of Smith College (*The Goddess Fortuna in Mediaeval Literature*, 1927), Professor Albert S. Borgman, of New York University (*Thomas Shadwell*, 1928; *The Life and Death of William Mountfort*, 1935), Professor Clyde K. Hyder, of the University of Kansas (*Swinburne's Literary Career and Fame*, 1933), and others, including the present writer. Mr. Patch, in thanking Miss Rowe for her "tireless and painstaking efforts," goes on to say that "her conscientiousness and her bland indifference to reward should be known by more than those who are likely to have the advantage of her help."

When I first saw Miss Rowe in the fall of 1915 I supposed, heaven forgive me, that she was terribly old. She was then fifty-five. When I saw her again in September, 1927, she seemed younger! Two months later, on November 2, she had a severe accident. Towards dark, faithfully carrying a green "Harvard bag" full of proof-sheets to examine in her room, she was knocked over by a truck and carried with a fractured skull to the City Hospital. The accident, though she failed to realize it, turned her into an old woman. Indeed after a damage suit had been settled in her favor she told me that "this is the first money I ever made without working for it"; a pathetic comment, for her injuries slowed her down physically and, to some extent, mentally. Though her mind remained clear to the last, her memory became somewhat uncertain, her eyes occasionally played her tricks, her feeble-

ness increased. If, by any chance, she did recognize these things, she gallantly and stoutly ignored them.

The Widener Memorial Library had been opened to the staff-workers in August, 1915. Shortly thereafter, with the hearty approval of its Director, the distinguished historian Professor A. C. Coolidge, Miss Rowe moved in as the first "student," and her cubicle on the second floor of the stacks, with its flower pots and geranium trees, was a sight familiar to hundreds of people who never knew her name or her business. During her twenty-three years there, she became progressively more and more odd-looking. Style and dress meant nothing to her, as they are popularly supposed to mean nothing to all scholars. Clothes, she believed, were something to be worn for protection and comfort, not to be mulled over or bought for beauty and fashion, — something almost never to be thrown away. The quaintness of her "costumes," though it often caused smiles in a neighborhood where (according to the libels of outlanders) women are noted for their lack of style, would have attracted little, if any, attention in the British Museum. In that noble library, which she hoped in vain to see, eccentricities of dress and manner are tolerated, or ignored, to a degree unequaled in America.

In 1932, during what she refers to as a "time of leisure," I suggested that she write a sketch of her life and "works" to be read by Mr. Havens and me. With the air of a child playing a new game or else deferring to a troublesome, somewhat tiresome older person whose inexplicable notions must be humored — it was impossible to tell which — she agreed to do so. But the sketch, as might have been predicted,

turned out to be largely a discussion of the merits (surpassingly great) of the men for whom she had worked. Incidentally, it gave some interesting descriptions of the old Cambridge of her childhood and girlhood, a Cambridge that has changed so completely as almost to seem pre-historic. Needless to say, this "scrap of autobiography" — which I print without annotation or changes, except for correcting a few obvious slips of the pen — was written without the remotest thought of publication. Instead it is an informal letter addressed to two interested friends. The letter is charming, if delicately sentimental. It draws a far better picture of Miss Rowe than any words of mine could draw. It will interest her Harvard friends, for whom this little pamphlet is intended. Possibly it will interest the few strangers who may chance to see it, for lavender and old lace are sometimes a relief from carbon monoxide and sports clothes. The present writer would have deleted all the embarrassing comments therein made on him but for the thought that to do so would be to give a false impression of Miss Rowe's character, of her loyalty and unwavering devotion. All her friends she considered paragons, all her employers miracles of tact and wisdom. It was impossible not to be a hero to such a secretary.

To be sure, Miss Rowe was not an ideal "secretary." In her youth typewriters were unknown, and she never had the time, or the inclination, to learn to write on a machine. Then, too, she was somewhat inflexible, at least during the years when I knew her, about matters of rhetoric, form, and "style," so that, unwatched, she was likely to normalize one's work even to the point of making an occasional error uni-

form throughout a book. Yet she was invariably modest and deferential: anybody for whom she worked became her "master," whose knowledge was supreme, but who, on his Olympian heights, needed to be guarded against occasional mistaken references or misused commas. But the "master" was always a personal friend whom she took joy in helping, never an employer. It was the rule, not the exception, to find under the door of one's study such notes as this of March, 1931, in acknowledgment of her salary check: "Thank you for sending me the money, dear master, even though I didn't really earn it. You are very good to me! and I always thank you whether I say so or not." Such humility and indifference to money duly earned are not, I believe, characteristic of many women — or men — who today typewrite or read proofs.

There will be no more assistants like Miss Rowe. She was a unique personality. Latterly most of her friends were either Library officials or the young men by whom she was surrounded in the English literature stacks. She saw few people in the boarding-house where she rented a room, though she made a brief annual pilgrimage to visit relatives in nearby cities, and on Sundays caught glimpses of non-academic friends at the Baptist church, on Harvard Street, of which she was a devoted member. But on week-days living really began for her at nine A.M. and came to a temporary close at five-thirty each afternoon. That was why, rain or sunshine, snow or even tropical hurricane, she turned up at the Library every day at the opening hour and remained till dark. Apparently she was never ill (probably she couldn't afford the time for illness), and old acquaintances returning to the Li-

brary were always sure of finding her busily reading or writing in cubicle 209, the one static object in a rapidly changing academic world. Undergraduates knew her only by sight as, cane in hand, she walked slowly — in recent months feebly — across the Yard, or as she sat at work in her stall. Graduate students in English by the score knew and admired her. Old-timers among them deluged her with letters and postcards, all of which she read with pleasure and gratitude; and many took a prominent place among the "souvenirs" that littered her desk. Each communication she answered lengthily. Miss Rowe was a delightful correspondent, whose letters would deserve collection and publication if they were not almost entirely an account of her work and the supposed merits of her employers. Even so, they have the subdued charm and quiet humor that made so many people fond of the writer herself.

As time passed, strangers — and sometimes even friends — felt sorry for the little, stooped old woman who sat beside the well-trodden aisle of the stacks, seldom moving from morning to night. But nobody ever less deserved pity. Miss Rowe's life was work. She knew nothing, she cared nothing, about play or what other people call having a good time. Her recreations were few and simple. As long as she could, she took frequent walks down the river or through the Botanic Garden. She was fond of flowers, and those given to her in pots she nursed to fabulous size and longevity. She loved to read no less than to help make books, and it is symptomatic that her favorite poet, after Shakespeare and Milton, was Emily Dickinson. Miss Rowe had a genuine, if limited, taste for good things. She was a thoroughly happy person.

The one thing that frightened her was the thought that some day she would be obliged to leave Widener, which took the place of a home. On Saturday, December 24, she was taken ill as she entered that building. Accompanied to the Cambridge Hospital by her dearest and kindest Library friend, Miss Helen Stearns, she died a few nights later, unaware of pain or change. Dying, as it were, in harness, she could truly have repeated a great essayist's surprising last words, "Well, I've had a happy life."

The flower pots and geranium trees have been thrown away; the autographed books of her various "masters," the pictures and letters and postcards, the bags of candy and raisins and crackers have been removed. Cubicle 209 undoubtedly looks much neater than ever before, and so gives an altogether unfamiliar appearance to the English stacks. For a few months this feeling of unfamiliarity will persist. Miss Rowe lived unknown. Her biography appears in no book of reference; her name is in no library catalog, and will soon be forgotten. But these facts would not have distressed her, for she knew, with George Eliot, that the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts. She tried to help other people. She was touchingly grateful to them for letting her help. She was a perfect example of what Carlyle is talking about in his old-fashioned and now often despised words: "Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose, he has found it, and will follow it!"

HYDER E. ROLLINS

HARVARD UNIVERSITY
February 1, 1939

A. F. R.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY (for H. E. R.)

A SCRAP OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

IT IS a scrap only, for there is no one who would be interested in the whole. If there are two kind friends who will have patience to read this scrap I shall thank them for their kindness and then ask them to throw it away. The writing of it will make a time of leisure pass more smoothly.

Though I am going to talk about my working days and years, I will make one short paragraph about the years that preceded, in order that my two hearers will know perfectly well who I am, — Addie Frances Rowe, third daughter of Samuel Francis Rowe and Clarissa Jane Holmes of East Foxboro, Massachusetts, who with three children came to Cambridge in 1861 and lived here till their death. My grandparents, never seen, were Deacon Charles Holmes (son of Oliver H——) and Clarissa Johnson of Sharon, and Ichabod Rowe of ———, Vermont, and Sarah Cross of Boston. Charles Holmes was a remote member of the family from which Oliver Wendell Holmes sprang. We lived in Mellen Street.

After a few years here in Cambridge I found myself going to the primary school, part of the time in the chapel of the Unitarian church in Harvard Square and part of the time in the chapel of the Baptist church in the outside college quadrangle at the head of Kirkland Street. This church, a wooden structure, painted white, with a high pointed steeple, was later sold to the North Avenue Congregational society and moved up North Avenue to its present site, near Roseland

Street. There were not many wires overhead in those days! The church cut a dignified figure as it went up the avenue on the old-fashioned rollers.

We walked to school down the avenue from Mellen Street (which was much more thinly settled than now) almost as we might have walked down a road through a country village, for it was that in those days, — a bit of country, with a line of horse-cars running down the centre, in which we children never rode. Once in the winter, I remember, there was such a heavy snow-storm that at noon the city sent hacks to the schoolhouses to carry the children home; but they forgot the little ones in the chapels, who had to get home as best they could. I remember well what a long and difficult task it was for my mother to pull off my rubber-boots, filled to my knees with cold solid snow. And during the struggle my older sister was brought home in a hack!

By and by I was big enough to go to the Washington Grammar School, in Brattle Street opposite Story Street, under Master Daniel Mansfield, a small self-satisfied man in carpet slippers, who was always looking for trouble round the schoolhouse and making the scholars feel uneasy. If we played a mite on the stairs we were pretty sure to feel a sudden, smart crack on our ankles from an unseen hand. As long as we were in the school we never lost the habit of keeping one eye out for him.

In this school I went on for five years (skipping one year) with no other disaster than the loss of one day in the middle (in the fourth year from the last) for a Sunday School picnic, my only absence, and not a single tardy mark for the whole period of five years, of which I was proud, though I

duly lamented the one absence. In this school I was always at or near the head of my class, and of course I was proud of that too.

The High School was much farther off (though we had moved nearer the Square), on the corner of Broadway and Lee Streets, with L. R. Williston at the head of the English section and W. F. Bradbury of the college section. Though farther, it was pleasant to go and come with the other boys and girls, and we kept learning new things. We started at the bottom and finished at the top of the building, well equipped in Latin, French, Algebra, Geometry, Philosophy, Spelling, a smattering of Astronomy and Physical Geography, but not much in History or Reading. Still we always felt as if we had plenty to do and never asked for more, but felt quite "finished" when we got through, especially if our monthly report cards showed us good marks. I was so well the whole time that I had another four years without a mark for absence or tardiness. If I had a headache or any other slight disorder, it always came either Saturday or Sunday and was gone by Monday.

The High School ended with a valedictory at the graduating exercises, which was pleasant, though it might have been better in quality. The whole course was pleasant. With one teacher we had a Maying party in June, and I think we used to have a big sleighing party in the winter, but no dancing except in the halls at the half-hour recess, when we girls rollicked through the Virginia Reel. Some of the elect formed a social club called the K.R.T. (Knights of the Round Table, with characters' names distributed to the members), and the meetings of the club at the several houses gave us a good deal

of pleasure. We had one interesting small teacher, quaint Miss Pierce, with a little curl behind each ear and plenty of vim and control for boys much bigger than she was.

Well, the school-days were over! Now it was time to work if anyone wanted me. The first thing I did was to substitute for a week in a grammar school in North Cambridge, without startling success in keeping order. I exhausted the possibilities of the school-room in trying to keep the wrongdoers apart and mildly punished; but before another opportunity came I had received an invitation to help Mr. John Bartlett of 165 Brattle Street with his concordance of Shakespeare, at his home. That pleased me, for I knew I was no school-teacher; so I began my daily walks from the beginning of Mt. Auburn Street to 165 Brattle Street with enthusiasm and kept them up (with a walk home at noon and another one back in the afternoon) for about twelve years, till the book was published.

Fortunately, it was before the days of automobiles: it was easy to cross streets then, and Brattle Street was *the* street of the city to walk in. The horse-cars ran through it, — every fifteen minutes through Brattle and the other two quarters through Craigie and Garden Streets; so we did not *have* to walk. But the walking was pleasanter, past all the old colonial houses and grounds and among the "aristocratic" residents. The only time I didn't enjoy the walk was in an old-fashioned fierce March wind, which tore through the streets mightily. We don't have them now. I can't remember that I minded snow in those far-off days, however much I do now. I was something of a walker always. On a very bad day I would take a lunch for noon, if there was anything to

take! Besides, I had some close friends in Lake View Avenue, where I was always welcomed to lunch or supper.

At Mr. Bartlett's I worked in a small study on the second floor, from which I could see the fine garden, as well as the horses when they came out of the barn. Mr. Bartlett was an old man, senior partner at Little, Brown, & Co., and he used to be driven in there every morning. Our plan was for him to write out the phrase on a slip bearing the name of the play in print, and then turn the slip over to me for verification and amendment; but first he had me read through the plays to get acquainted with them. It was pleasant work for me in the quiet little study. The time passed so fast that it was noon before I knew it and then night, and all the while I was with Shakespeare!

The book was printed abroad and he read the proof. I merely dropped it into the box at the Post Office on my way home. He told me once that, since he had done it in the best way by giving a complete thought in each quotation, his reward was going to be, not in money, but in the consciousness that no one could make one so good after him. It was accurate too, for he said he found hardly an error in those multitudes of lines. In the summers I used to go to Princeton, Massachusetts, to visit with my chum Louise at her cousin's, where we three drove about, played croquet, and had in general a good rough and ready time. We had delicious things to eat, and so much! One year there I remember reaching the greatest weight I ever had — 124½ pounds! When we were riding round, three in a buggy, I used to tell the Shakespeare stories to the other two girls, who were good listeners. Another aunt and uncle owned and managed the big hun-

dred-roomed Wachusett House, and we were often there. I continued to visit there, when I could, long after the other girls were married and gone. Edna, the one who lived in Princeton, lives in Cambridge now and often asks me to dinner.

At Mr. Bartlett's I didn't have much diversion, for his wife, the only other member of his family, was rather peculiar and "superior" and didn't often talk to me. The maids were kind, and always when they made ice cream for dinner on "company" days they brought up a plateful to me, which I remember still as very delicious. Sometimes Mr. Bartlett gave me a big bunch of rosebuds to carry home, and sometimes they would send me home in the carriage. But usually I walked, and *fast*. One day, as I was on my way back in the afternoon, a little boy on the sidewalk said earnestly to me, "Say, Miss, did you want that feller on the bicycle?" (which had just passed). "What?" I answered in astonishment. He repeated his question, and when I said "What made you think I wanted him?" he answered, "You were walking so fast I thought you were trying to catch him." I learned to know all the families and persons and houses in Brattle Street by sight in those days.

Before I had finished the Shakespeare volume I had begun to do odds and ends of writing for Professor A. S. Hill of Harvard, another old man who lived not far from Mr. Bartlett's; and after I was through with Shakespeare Mrs. Hill asked me if I would come to the house every day to teach her son Arthur (10 years old), who was behind at school. I did that for a year (till he went back to school) up in his room in the roof of the house in Reservoir Street. We

had good times and I tried to make him learn, but all I succeeded in doing was to teach him to work, as he says since. That pleased me, of course, for if we will work we can learn, and he is now a capable lawyer, which shows he must have learned something since those days, for hasn't he been through Harvard and the Law School? What disturbed me most about this work was the presence of a big dog, which used to meet me at the gate and go close at my heels all the way to the door; but he never molested me otherwise though I was always afraid of him. He knew it probably; I ought to have made friends with him.

After this there was a very hard year, when I suffered terribly, and read and read! Then by and by, one fall when I was visiting in Princeton, there came a letter, forwarded from Dr. Channing, to ask if I would do some work for him and Professor Hart. At once I said I would, and came home to verify the entries in the *Guide to the Study of American History* (1896), in the Library, the first time I had worked here, the beginning of work which has lasted with hardly a break till to-day. By the time I had to some extent learned the mannerisms of Professors Channing and Hart so as not to be too much frightened by them, the History department was planning to publish the *Harvard Historical Studies* under the care of Dr. Gross, a scholar big enough to pay attention to the small as well as the large points, who had good judgment; and they asked me to see that the manuscripts of the theses which they proposed to publish were in shape for printing and to check all that needed checking. The first and hardest one, *The Suppression of the African Slave-Trade to the United States* (1896) was by a negro named W. B. Du Bois,

who was teaching in the far west and it needed verification, which I undertook to do and which nearly finished my career. The footnotes were all like this "H.E.D. 21.3, pp. 112; S. J. 21.60; H. J. 11.20; H. D. 17.8," and similar combinations of letters that meant nothing to me; and, as the thesis had been done under Professor Hart, there was nobody with time or patience enough to explain the system to me. I floundered about in the Harvard House and Senate balcony until I learned something for myself, and finally the book was ready to print and then was printed without grave errors, as I understood. The author wrote me some commendation, and I almost felt I had done something that might be called scholarly. I've always wanted to see the author, but I never have. Other volumes followed, but no more with such blind titles, though I learned more from that one because I had to study the titles out. One man wrote to Dr. Channing that he'd like me to read his manuscript to see that it was in shape, but he wished me to make no changes in style: he preferred to stand or fall by his own work. That alarmed me, for often there were plain errors in phraseology that an author would not like to have in his printed book if he could help. What should I do? I read one chapter making only such changes as seemed to me necessary and sent it to the author to know if I was doing too much. He answered that he approved of all I had made, but bade me go on with the fewest possible, which I did and the book came out. Years afterwards a stranger came down the aisle in Randall one day, stopped at my desk, gave his name, and said he was the author who asked me to make no changes in his manuscript, and he had inquired where to find me in order to tell me

that he was more than grateful to me for saving him from making so many blunders, and he wished he had said nothing to stop me. You two present readers will imagine how delighted I felt; for you have sometimes tried to restrain me in the same way, haven't you?

Well, that set of books went along till about volume xix or xx with more or less help from me, till I had to pass it over to Mr. G. W. Robinson. Along with it I verified and put through the press the four volumes of Hart's *American History Told by Contemporaries* (19), and perhaps Hill's *Beginnings of Rhetoric and Composition* (1902), which made me sure about many points of rhetoric. They were full years, with little recreation (which I did not want). I wanted to work as hard as possible, and I think I did, besides learning to depend less and less on friends, which has been one of the best lessons I have learned, though I'm afraid I have often fallen behind in the years since. Then I think I could have gone on to the end without any particular friends. Sometime in this (or some other) period I read in manuscript and print three or four volumes about city government for Professor W. B. Munro.

The reason why I had to stop doing the [*Harvard Historical Studies*] was that the time was approaching when I had promised to help Dr. Gross on his *Sources and Literature of English History*, 2d ed. (1915); but when he returned from Europe in the summer of 1912 he was too ill to take any steps at arranging his new notes, and he died before we could talk of them. That made it hard for every one; but we had his collection of notes and additions, we had the pages of the first edition mounted separately by the publishers on

large sheets of foolscap, we had the will of the publishers to carry it through, and the promise of his brothers to finance the enterprise. So presently the committee asked me if I would do the best I could with the material, and I said yes; for I knew his style better than any one else did, and I could not bear to let any one else touch it. So we started.

We were in old Gore Hall when we began, that little building which in comparison with vast Widener seems like a band-box. It would be impossible to manage in its narrow limits now, with its small entrance hall containing the delivery desk and the catalogue (of smaller cards, like those occasionally seen in the present catalogue), with its little box-like entrance up two steps into the lower stack (many of the books of which were stored in other buildings), out of which opened four or five small cubicles filled to the brim with books and papers relating to some department, and a working care-taker. How they could manage to work in such quarters seemed a wonder even then. Above this lower stack were the other stacks (also curtailed of many of their books) each with its narrow aisle surrounding it, where scholars worked at little tables (like a few in floor A of Widener) which would hold hardly more than two books and a sheet of paper. It seems now incredible that anything worthy the name of work could have been done there. There was a small Art Room where a few of the Tr. books were in cases (the rest packed away somewhere), a few chairs to sit in, and in a sort of balcony over one side of that were crowded the U. S. documents.

After fifteen years in this roomy Widener, it is impossible to see how Gore could have answered the needs of a great

university. I wish I could show you the ridiculous cartoons that were made when it was time to move over to Randall, where the available spaces were even smaller. They were funny! In Randall the desk and the catalogue were crowded into the first room, and then a short flight of stairs was made at one end and another floor laid at the top of them. On this floor, under the windows (which had a strange and unwilling way of opening) was placed a row of some six or eight little tables and chairs for workers, and the rest was stack-room with narrow little aisles between the rows of books adapted to people of my size. How other persons managed I don't know, but Mr. Havens never got stuck, though I wonder if he did not sometimes bump his tall head.

But here we worked more or less comfortably, after we were once adjusted, for two years, and by then Gross's *Sources* was in proof in England and on its way to us to read. It had been a long, slow task, at which I worked with my heart on the *qui vive* for fear of getting something wrong and spoiling Dr. Gross's high rating as a scholar, for of course I knew next to nothing about the inside of medieval history. It was an anxious time, for we had to keep watch of the announcements of publications all the time, so as not to miss anything that should be in our book; but with patience we watched every step, every one helped all he could, Mr. Haskins and I read the proofs, and in 1915 the volume appeared, with favorable reviews soon following from the *English Historical Review*, the Bibliothèque Nationale (a very good one from each), and smaller reviews. You will imagine, dear Mr. Havens and Mr. Rollins, that we were pleased and proud of what we had achieved for Dr. Gross, without serious flaws

so far as we heard, even though we were banished from Gore Hall during a large part of the work.

Meantime Cambridge was changing fast. Sometime ago the subway was made and electric trolleys had replaced horse-cars (in Mount Auburn Street instead of Brattle as far as the Square), and old buildings were giving way to new modern ones. The college fence had been installed, some new dormitories were built along the edges towards the west, the Harvard Union was built at the corner of Quincy Street and the Harvard Square Subway station where the old hay-scales used to be, and various smaller changes were made in all directions. Where were we going to stop? It was becoming hard to find an old house with a big yard. Cambridge was losing most of its old-time country looks and was becoming a city.

In the last stages of Gross's *Sources* (1913-1915), at Randall Hall, clear at the end of the window-aisle where I had my desk at the quietest place, I came one day in 1913 upon a strange young man, tall and large and fine-looking, busily at work on a manuscript at the next desk. That looked pleasant, for I had been quite alone most of the time. When I went downstairs I asked Mr. Kiernan, the superintendent, who it was, and he answered, "A fine fellow, Mr. Havens." And so upon acquaintance I found him and still find him, for of course we became acquainted easily. No one has ever come into my work or play who brought me so much of real life and joy, who woke me up so thoroughly, who was such a god-send of help and pleasure. He found me long past girlhood, but he left me a girl again. We proved to have a common friend in Dr. Gray (whose book [*English Field Sys-*

tems, 1915] I was reading), and we had similar tastes that led us into what has proved a pleasant companionship for both. He didn't stay long that first summer, but he came again and again, for he was working over his thesis into a book, *The Influence of Milton on English Poetry* (1922). When he found that my work lay along the same lines, he let me help him, and into his book during the next years I put the best I knew, and I could help somewhat, he thought. We worked together until the book came out, when I felt as if my child had died.

The time was broken by the declaration of war, which took Mr. Havens to Europe in the Y. M. C. A. work and left me floundering blindly with the manuscript, which I hindered some if I did not help. It was hard to help in the best way, though I wanted to more than if it had been my own work. I would have liked to make the book absolutely perfect, if I could have. But the time and the danger passed, and he came home and back to Cambridge, where we finished the book and he made the index and went back to Rochester to his college, to my strong regret, for I thought it meant the end, for me, of the long walks and talks and companionship.

But other work was coming, to my joy. When we went into the war, when Mr. Rollins had to go to train for it, he asked me if I would take care of the articles he had already sent to learned reviews and periodicals. Though he had sat in my section for a year I had not known him, for he was always so busy that I felt as if he did not want to be bothered with neighbors; and so I had not spoken till just before the end, when we found ourselves at the same table in the Boston

Public Library and couldn't help smiling over the foolish past. I said I would look after his articles in proof as well as I could; but I'm afraid I hindered more than I helped, for I did not know his ways. But I did the best I could and he went south to learn to dig holes for telegraph-poles and by and by he went abroad and got there just before the armistice. He stayed in occupation for awhile, then came home to see his father and mother, and then went back again for a year's fellowship study that was due him, and finally he came back to stay, with one book in print, *Old English Ballads* (1920), another left in process, *The Pepysian Garland* (1922), and still a third, *A Handful of Pleasant Delights* (1924) almost ready to print in Cambridge. Since then his work has gone on with leaps and bounds, — *The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions* (1926), *An Analytical Index to the Ballad Entries* (1926), *The Pack of Autolykus* (1927), *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* (1927), *Tottel's Miscellany*, 2 vols. (1928-9), *The Pepys Ballads*, 8 vols. (1929-32), *The Drinking Academy* (1930), *The Phoenix Nest* (1931), *A Poetical Rhapsody*, 2 vols. (1931-2). All these I have helped him with by affording an extra pair of eyes for the difficult Black-letter type in which the books first appeared and which he has printed from after having them reproduced in rotograph form. In each he has put a learned introduction, and in each he has said a good word for me in the preface. Besides making me feel useful if not necessary, he has made my work nothing but a rare pleasure by his kindness, for which I thank him from my heart and shall welcome eagerly any chance to do anything more for him, even without pay. We are waiting now for the *Pepys* index to be printed and the second volume of

A Poetical Rhapsody, after which he will play awhile, I hope, now that he has about nineteen scholarly and beautiful books and many short articles abroad in the world doing their learned work. Who else has so many? and he so young too! I hope he will not work so hard again, but whatever he does I want to help him if he will let me and if I can. He is a real friend, whom one must trust absolutely. I am so glad I have been able to work with him the last twelve years!

In 1923, in a gap in Mr. Rollins's work, I read for Mr. Edgar Pierce of Brattle Street, a Harvard graduate, his volume called *The Philosophy of Character* (1924), which took me into a new field where my understanding was constantly challenged. Some day I am going to read the book again to see if I understand it better now than I did when I was working on it. I think he is dead now. Later, in another gap, I verified and read for Mr. Patch of Smith College his published thesis on *The Goddess Fortuna* (1927), which called up all the knowledge I had in Old French and Italian and Latin; but I used dictionaries and people who did know those languages and finally I passed it back and it was printed, with a good commendation of my work in the preface and a substantial addition to my bill. The next summer Mr. and Mrs. Patch asked me to spend a week-end with them in their cottage at the beach. It was very pleasant. They made so much of me that I felt as if I were as consequential as Mrs. Coolidge or Queen Elizabeth. I think it was the evening of the day I came home, August 20, that my aunt died.

You may have noticed in this little sketch that all my early work, done when I was only a little way from childhood and school-days, was for old men, who gradually as the time

passed and I grew older, were replaced by younger and younger men, until now at the end I am with the youngest of all, Mr. Havens and Mr. Rollins, to my great joy, because it shows that to them I have not been growing uncomfortably older or past being useful. That I can work with them is one of the greatest blessings I have, for which I give thanks every day, as I do for my steady work and health.

These last years have not been an uninterrupted stretch of work, though they sound so. They have been busy and full without long vacations except when Mr. Havens or Mr. Rollins has been in England. I have been satisfied with short relaxations. The years have been just pleasant, and we have come through them as well in health as when we entered them. I have had two accidents, but not serious ones. In 1920 (I think), as I was going past Sever Hall one night after dark with my arms full of books and papers, when there had been heavy snows and no shovelling, I slipped on a bad spot and broke my right wrist, which kept me at home a month in splints. But I learned to write with my left hand so that the time wasn't all lost, and after a while it was as good as it was before when the stiffness was fairly out of it, though it was a hopelessly long time in getting out.

Then in November, 1927, the day after I came back from the burial of my sister Florence and her husband, I went over to the Square for supper and on my way back to the Yard I was struck by an auto-truck on the wrong side of the street, and without any knowledge of what was happening, I found when I came to myself a week later, that I was in a hospital bed and nightie, with a big bump on my forehead but with no other sign of not being all right. They kept me

for three weeks and let me see all the callers who came (and there were crowds of them). I used to wonder how so many managed to get past the office, but didn't like to inquire lest the procession be stopped. Some of the callers came every day and I know they helped me to get well for they made me so happy. Mr. Rollins was one who came every day, Heaven bless him!

When I left the hospital to go to Fitchburg for a while, I found, on beginning to walk, that my eye (left one) had been put out of focus, so that I had to be very careful in going up and down stairs; but I was careful and no danger came, and when I went to Boston to see the oculist one of the men, Mr. Koch, went with me, so all was right. I never knew I had so many friends as that auto-accident showed me, and I shall never stop feeling thankful for them. It happened when I was in the midst of Volume I of *Tottel's Miscellany*, and Mr. Rollins had to finish it alone. I got back in time to help with Volume II! He was as kind as he could be all through it, though it was one of his first hard years here. I don't know how I could have lived through it, had it not been for the stream of callers at the hospital and the letters that came dropping in all the time (one from Mr. Havens every week).

Except for this accident, and an occasional lunch in the Square with Mr. Rollins, and especially for his generous and friendly praise in his books, there hasn't been much else to break the routine, but I have been happy in the work and have sighed for no change. In my whole work for Mr. Rollins I have been happy, for I have usually seen him for a minute every day. The days when he does not come in are

not so bright, of course, and they will never be. The other day he took me up to lunch and to see his new rooms, which are large and light (with windows on all sides) and so prettily furnished that I know he will be comfortable and happy in them even before his father and mother come to share them for a while.

In all this work done in this new Library, I have had a garden in my window, which started with a small pink geranium from the florist's, given me in 1915 by Mr. Havens, who sat in the adjoining stall. Gradually a few more plants were added, and they all sat on the floor (as they do now!) and were small for a number of years, but finally those at the sides began to grow tall suddenly, reached the middle of the high windows, and kept on growing up. The stalks grew thick and the tops were always covered with blossoms and the sides with leaves, so that with the row of low ones across the bottom, the window soon looked striking and pretty outside and inside, and even prettier outside than inside. I have many times counted as many as twelve or thirteen large blossoms in red and pink, and I have cut off the top of the tallest plant (over six feet tall and in the same little pot it started in!) twice by a foot at least, else it would long ago have reached above the top of the window and been blossoming in the next stall above. It doesn't bloom so freely now or look so well, it is so much older; but it looks creditable and unusual now, and it identifies my stall, which is No. 209 opposite the hill. Come and see it sometime and at the same time glance at the new books mentioned in these sheets.

It is well that we became fixed in Widener in 1915, for

since then college changes have come fast. The house in Quincy Street in which Dean Hurlbut lived has come down and the new Fogg Art Museum has been built on the estate; the old college house in Quincy Street has gone and the new one is up. The ancient narrow streets towards the river, with their old houses, have been turned over and out, the people going no one can tell where, to make room for the new Gymnasium and the new college Houses, which now fill the entire space from Boylston Street to Bow, with the exception of a very few scattered houses, which will go sooner or later; the Freshman dormitories have been taken to enlarge the college House plan, and the Freshmen themselves are safely corralled in the Yard, where two more dormitories have been built for them on the Massachusetts Avenue side (on either side of the big gate), with meals at the Union, which was built on the old Weld estate in [1901]. Opposite the end of Bow Street a foot-bridge was put over the river a few years ago. One of the conspicuous changes is seen in the quiet Divinity Avenue, where the old houses have been moved (two of the oldest out to the street, and another one across the street, back of the Germanic Museum), and two large buildings built there, the Geographical Museum and the Biological plant.

Almost all this has been done in the last two years, and now a new chapel is rising on the site of old Appleton, which we watched come down brick by brick last summer, almost in tears because we were fond of it and it looked so fine in its complete coat of ivy, and was so sound that it seemed quite equal to another hundred years of life. And here we are to-day, with the Sunday services going on in

Sanders Theatre, which with its chum, Memorial Hall, still stands deserted and unmoved across the way.

APPENDIX

From Mr. Havens, who scorns to work when it is clearly time to play, comes the criticism that there is too much work in this story. Since he wants to know more about the times when I didn't work, and may even imagine that I didn't know how to play, I will set him right.

I played a great deal, in fact. Even as a little girl I used to think that no one else had so much time to play as I had. In the early days I seem to have been always playing when I was not at school. For one thing I always had a chum, a special comrade for all sorts of things, Louise Thompson, whose father died in the Civil War and whose mother about that time. She lived with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stiles, superintendent of the Cambridge railroad, a big hearty man who loved to have two little girls about, eating at his table, riding with him in his chaise, and going to see all the sights and circuses that came about. He lived in Remington Street, with a house, a barn, a large garden running clear to Massachusetts Avenue with a long grape arbor in it the whole distance and many pear trees. In the backyard we girls had a big empty doghouse which we carpeted and fitted up with small chairs and tables and curtains, a croquet ground with the scores kept on the side of the barn, a piano to practise on in the house, sleds in the winter, access to the cookie and cake jars and apple barrels always, and everything else that two children could want. Louise was a pretty,

bright, wide-awake girl, and my steady chum from about ten years old to the time she was married at 21. We went to the same school and church, and she was only six months older than I. When her grandparents had cousins from the country we girls escorted them round to see the sights, — to fairs, circuses, Bunker Hill, etc. Once "Uncle Frink" bought us a bag of tarts as we were starting for home, and, as there was no older person along to stop us, we ate them in the car as a special privilege.

Well, we played industriously all the time out of school, from dolls and paper dolls to climbing fences and trees, hide and go seek, baseball, everything. I always stayed all night before July 4 and in the morning we roused the neighbors by beating on tinpans, ringing the big bell, and shouting "Three cheers for the 4th of July!" from the top of a high step-ladder in the yard — harumscarums! Louise made my childhood alive and interesting.

One year, when I was about ten or eleven, the schoolhouse was repairing till October 1. That left a whole extra month in vacation, and Louise got an invitation from an uncle and aunt who lived on a farm in Maynard to bring me up with her for a while, a great treat for me! My sister was ill with typhoid fever and mother didn't have time to get me ready, so I went with one stout play dress and one white muslin dress for Sundays in September! It was a big house in which a boarding school used to be kept; the aunt and uncle slept downstairs and we two girls were the only ones upstairs with all those rooms! and with Lou a real fraid-cat! I always had to reinforce her, go past the trees with her at night in Cambridge, and all such things. Did you know I was so

brave? If she wanted anything upstairs in the country in the daylight she wouldn't go alone.

But we had a great time "helping" with the farm work, going to South Acton with her uncle with the milk, riding with the farm-man to cut cow-fodder for the winter (I lost my coral necklace which wasn't found till the next spring, sifted down through all that corn to the barn floor!), getting nuts and apples and eating lots of them, and sweet corn (sometimes 7 or 8 ears at a meal!) and all other good things, so many that one after another all the buttons came off the waist of my play dress and were replaced by a variegated lot from the button box. On Sundays my white muslin was pretty cool! We went to church every Sunday and when we sang we turned round and faced the choir in the back of the room.

But school began and we had to come home, and the uncle and aunt, elderly rather stiff people but very kind, seemed as sorry for us to go as we were to leave their interesting home. You may like to know that Louise and I never quarrelled but once, and then we couldn't remember what it was about, but something foolish. Neither of us would "speak first" for twenty weeks. We played but wouldn't speak, until finally when some party came along my mother said I could not go unless I would speak first to Louise. So I did, but I didn't want to. It was Louise I went with to visit her cousin at Princeton, as I told on one of the earlier pages.

After Louise married I saw less and less of her, but I always went to see her grandmother and I was with her grandfather when he died. He was fond of me ("little Add" he

called me), used to stop to see me when he was driving past, and with a kiss gave me something he had brought to me. Later Louise and I drifted apart, both busy with our own lives, she with her children, I with Mr. Bartlett and Shakespeare.

Now my chum was May Williams, who lived in a big house on Lake View Avenue with father, mother, one young sister, and four big brothers, one of whom was in my Sunday School class. I went there a great deal, to dinners, suppers, holidays, Sundays, and was very friendly with them all. They meant a great deal to me. Every summer they used to invite me down to visit them at their seaside cottage at Marshfield and I would come back to Cambridge with them after Labor Day. I had wonderful times there, for it was a wide-awake, merry family. We bathed every day in the surf (and I learned to float!), walked up the beach, slept three in a room (two beds), and had no end of fun, singing, rowing, playing croquet, teasing whichever boy happened to be there for the week (they were in Boston except on a vacation), and being teased in much worse ways than our more gentle brains would lead us to try on them. Some other boy always came down with them Saturday night, and we had a gay time in simple ways. The Williams family could think of all that was worth thinking of. They are all gone now except the younger girl and three of the boys. I never see them. The dark place in my earlier life came from this family.

Since those days I have been much alone except for the companionship of Mr. Havens, who has filled my time and interest in ways for which I cannot thank him enough. He

will understand why he has my gratitude and fellowship forever. There has been no other chum nor will there ever be; I do not need one now. I haven't travelled and seen new places and things; I have been busy, and I think I do not care for such things as most people do. I did spend several summers far up in Vermont, the first one in Randolph where I went to be one of six bridesmaids for a girl I had met in Cambridge. I had been there a previous summer when two cousins from Hanover drove up for a sort of picnic, and with our two buggies we drove round a good deal of that country, one day climbing one of the Green mountains, another going for a visit to a town on the edge of Canada, and doing something nearly every day. They were wide-awake, clever boys, and we had good times. Several other summers were spent in Bradford on a farm with two or three other girls in a distant cousin's family. Here we raked hay (with a horse-rake) in a broad meadow along the Connecticut River, rode on the loads to the barn, drove round the country with cousins, ate griddle cakes with maple sirup and cream on them, raspberry pies, and such nice things, and upset the house generally in spite of the presence of an old minister, who was as gay as we were. At night when the other girls were all quiet in bed, Kate and I used to creep into their room and mix their clothes all up and make them nervous for they couldn't see us or tell just where we were. One night we set the alarm at 11.30 or 12 and went and slipped the clock inside their door on the floor, and then went back to bed to listen for the climax, which was tragic. Earlier in the evening we used to sit on the piazza looking out over the meadow and the river, and each of us saying some bit of

poetry or something entertaining. We had good times in simple ways.

Although I haven't played so much in the more startling ways in the late years, Mr. Havens, does it matter very much since I have proved that I know how to play and like to? I know both work and play, but I like the work best and have always.

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